

Trapped

by Aquilla

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Summary: i know the title sucks - can u think of a better one? anyway it's a T/P fic, so read and enjoy!!!

1. Default Chapter Title

Body Disclaimer: don't own nofink....wish i did tho'.....

BTW: i wouldn't have a clue when this is set, u decide. And it's my first attempt at a romance, so please be nice. And i know this part doesn't have much romance, but it will sometime soon. Maybe. If i get around to it....

****TRAPPED****

PART ONE

Moonlight drifting through the window revealed a slumberer sprawled on the bed, glinting off his sweat-soaked, brawny bare chest. He twisted and turned as if in the grip of a nightmare, then suddenly the eyes snapped open and he jumped to attention searching the room for the source of his disturbance. Then just as suddenly his head stopped looking about the room and the man flew straight out the window; shattered glass and messed up bed the only reminders of his presence.

Without knowing why the young man flew straight and sure towards the bluff, not hesitating even when he spied another body contemplating the scene below. He knew he had to be there at that time, he could no more deny the call than he could refuse to exist. Besides, without knowing how he could feel that this person had been called as well; that they were both there to witness.

As he drifted the other figure turned its head, revealing breathtaking features highlighted by the caressing touch of the moon. "P-P-Pan? What are you doing here?" Startled that he hadn't recognised his life-long friend and by her stunning beauty in this

light, he sat down with a thud.

"Trunks! Were you called too?" at his blank stare (he was still shocked at the revelation that the girl he used to babysit had grown into such a woman without his realizing it), she whispered, "Can't you feel the power?" He nodded and was about to say something when great peals of cackling laughter echoed throughout the world.

Groaning the man stood, unsure as yet whether it was his head or feet he stood on. He felt as though he'd been turned into Vegeta's punching bag just after he'd fought with Bulma. ~Hey wait a minute, who's Vegeta? Who's Bulma?~ "WHERE AM I???????" This he shouted to the unresponding scenery (which, i might add, had vastly changed since the explosion, but you'll learn about that in a sec). He looked about, noticing cracked earth and shattered cliffs. What looked like the remains of a city was some way off, but nothing was left save the rubble that littered the entire area. Dust was still settling and so the man knew it had not been long since the blast. Mingled with the smell of that dust on the breeze was the unmistakably pungent odour of blood. He knew not how he could identify this smell, but there was no doubt in his mind. Stumbling and faltering he made his way off towards what remained of the city.

Equally bruised and battered the girl emerged from her state of unconsciousness, wondering at the scene before her. ~Wow, something big must have happened, like something REAL big. I wonder what? and what was here before? I don't remember anything, well, there was a bang, like a humongously LOUD bang, then suddenly I'm here and everything's like this. Oh well, i gotta get to shelter in anycase~ And off she walked, in the direction of what once was her home city.

The sounds came from behind him, sounds of footfalls on gravel, causing him to jump up and whip around into a fighting stance. "Oh. Who are you?" He felt something strange when he looked at the woman standing before him. She was beautiful to be sure, but it was not that. It had nothing to do with the scratches covering her body, the tattered remains of her clothes, her alien features - so like his own. He knew this girl, had known her all his life. Yet he didn't know her name and could remember not one second of their past. And from the looks of confusion and muddlement chasing each other across her face she felt the same.

"I'm oh dear. I haven't got a clue who i am. Do you?" Both had relaxed from their initial tense stances and were dazedly staring at each other.

"Nope; I don't even remember my own name. Do you think we got hit on the head with that blast? I mean we got hit everywhere else...."

"That's gotta be it, cos I've got no other explanation. I wonder what used to be here? I mean, we must've lived here or something, else why would we be here? Do you think there's anyone else left alive?" At his shrug both decided to go explore, and walked off in the direction of what remained of the hospital.

Curled up in her husband's arms Bulma lifted her tear-streaked face. There was no change; there hadn't been a change the whole time her son had been in this Kami-damned hospital. No sign that he was there inside the cold husk of his body. She sighed, wiped her eyes and rested her head on Vegeta's shoulder, remembering when her life had fallen apart two nights before.

They had been asleep when someone had knocked incessantly at the door. They'd rushed down the stairs expecting a fire or some such thing and were greeted by ambulance officers reporting that their beloved son and his friend Pan had been found lying comatose at Kami's Lookout. Since that time neither she, Vegeta, Gohan or his wife (oops i don't know her name!!!????) had had any sleep, nor had they left their offsprings' bedsides.

So, whatcha think??? please tell me, and I promise that if u like it I'll get the next one out as soon as possible, and if u don't like it I'll still put up the next chapter just to spite u. tehehehe.....

2. Default Chapter Title

Body Disclaimer: wish i did, but i don't. (own them, that is...)

****TRAPPED****

PART 2

Food was becoming scarce and both man and woman didn't know how they would survive. They had found a small store of food amongst the rubble of the hospital, where they had camped, but now there was not much left.

"Look, we've really got to do something. We can't just sit here and slowly starve to death!" The guy was more distressed than the girl, owing to the fact that he could easily have eaten the whole stash they'd found in one sitting.

"Go where? Take a look around you! Unless it somehow escaped your notice the whole planet is destroyed! There ISN'T any food left!"

"Whatever. I'm going. You can come if you want, but I'm that hungry I just might eat you.... either that or eat myself." This last was muttered under his breath, but by her horrified look he could tell she'd heard. He shrugged when she didn't budge and began his long trek. The girl just sat and cried, believing herself dead.

~*sigh* I wish she'd decided to come. It's pretty lonely being the only thing alive for miles. And really I haven't found any food yet either. Well, apart from those five deer yesterday, but like that was enough to fill me up.....~ Lost in self pity it took a while for the sounds to register. At first they were soft, merely suggestions of sound, but quickly they escalated to a deafening roar - an unmistakable deafening roar.

Gunfire.

~How do I know all these things? Like how did I _know_ that I smelt blood that time? How did I _know_ How to kill those deer? Well OK, I could have just grabbed them and started eating while they were still alive, hell I probably would have if they hadn't started to run....oh well, I guess I really should move, unless of course I want to get killed...~ And that's precisely what he did. Pity it was straight into a trap set up by the invading force, but hey, at least he didn't bare his neck for them.....sorta.... Well anyway the next instant he found that he'd lost control of all limbs, mainly due to the fact that they were encased in a sticky spider web-like material that contained some chemical or other that made everything it touched go numb.

"Well this is great. Just wonderful," he muttered, wondering what he'd done to deserve it.

"It shpeaksh," whispered a husky voice from behind the prisoner.
"What ish it?"

"I do not know. The mashter musht sheee thish. Perhapsh," the creature's voice caught with supressed laughter, "perhapsh it wash what built thoshe _thingsh _we deshtoyed. Do you remember? Thoshe ugly sshellsh that many like thish one lived in." The trapped man could not see his assailants before because they stood behind him. Now how could see nothing because they had sent him unconscious with the slightest tap on the head with a clawed leg.

"Mashter, what ish it?" Three gigantic insects surrounded a limp form hanging by a web from the roof of what appeared to be a cocoon but was in fact a space ship. All three prodded their prisoner as though they would be able to ascertain what it was by poking it to death.

"It ish not what we thought. It looksh like one of _thoshe_, that evil race we deshtroyed, but it ish not. Perhapsh we sshould let it wake and ashk it, hmm?" Suddenly, at the prospect of a little torture, all three menacing aliens became a million times more horrendous and sadistic.

Pain racked his body, but still the answers would not come. A scream made of pure horrifying anguish tore itself from his ravaged throat, resounding through miles upon miles of desolated wasteland.

It was that burst of primeval torment that drew her to the ship, otherwise she never would have gone. It had landed near her hideout yesterday and spewed forth giant insects that looked like a mutilated cross between an ant and a spider, and all had carried massive collections of arsenal, most of which looked like it could quite happily have blown a hole right through the earth. Personally she thought that was their main objective, considering the fact that

nothing much was left alive after the initial attack. It was not surprising that she hadn't ventured out from her hidey-hole since their arrival.

Creeping to the edge of the gangplank she stared in, but could see nothing. ~Damn!!! I'll have to go inside. Bugger, I really don't want to end up like whatever's been caught by those creeps. *shrugs* I don't have much else to do either, so at least this way I'll die with style. That or with a massive hole in my head.~ So slowly, inch by tiny inch, she crawled deep into the bowels of that horrendous ship, but the sight that greeted her eyes at the end of her journey was so terrible she blacked out.

Blood was everywhere, splattered across walls and ceiling, and pooled in thick red puddles on the floor. She hadn't known one body could contain so much blood, and that the victim of these atrocities was still alive was utterly amazing. Her heart skipped a beat as she recognised the purple hair and well sculpted body of that man she knew yet did not know. Without knowing why it seemed that if he died then all light and love died with him. Disregarding the fact that she would most certainly be caught she raced across the room and cradled his limp head in her lap. "Please, please, you can't die. You cant!" Crying profusely the girl wiped the blood from his face and bent over him, pressing full red lips against cold lifeless ones. He stirred once, then went still. Crying all the harder she cared not that now she was surrounded by those horrible insects, for she felt as though all she had ever cared about was now lost forever.

so whatcha think?????? at least there was a tiny hint of romance in this one, but don't worry, more will come. please please PLEASE leave a review, i like reviews...(hint hint, nudge nudge)

yeah well neway thanx heaps all of u who reviewed my last one! cya next time.....

3. Default Chapter Title

Body Disclaimer: u know what i'm gunna say, don't u??? yes indeedy, it is that i, Aquilla, do not (much to my disappointment) own any of these characters. oh well, maybe next time i might be more lucky..... tho i doubt it....

****TRAPPED ****

****PART 3 ****

***Yesterday the doctors had recalled Vegeta, Bulma, Gohan and Videl from their well deserved sleep to report that suddenly, inexplicably, massive wounds had appeared all over Trunks and Pan, and that Trunks was near death. Nobody knew how it could have happened, in fact there was no possible way for anything to have happened to the two, yet both lay in the pristine white beds covered in wounds worse than what Vegeta and Goku constantly gave each other in their training sessions.

"It's obvious, madam, that somehow your son is caught in a repeating series of events being played through his mind. I believe that to him these events are entirely true, and that were he to die in this other world, he would most certainly die here. Unfortunately we must allow the chain of events to run its course, otherwise your son may sustain even more damage than that which he has already endured."

"You say all these words, doctor, but can't you see that they say nothing? My son is not a case, he's not a new problem to be reasoned out and solved. He's a person, he's my son!" At that she ran off down the hall, tears streaming from her eyes. Vegeta took one look at the situation and sped after his mate, scooping her up and carrying her outside under the concealing shade of some trees.

"Shhh, hush my love," he crooned, rocking her in his lap. "He will survive. I know our son. He is powerful; if anyone could live through what he is experiencing, he will." All the time that he spoke these words to her, he gently stroked Bulma's face and wiped her eyes.

"I hate that doctor! I HATE him! He talks about my son as though he wasn't even there, as though he didn't matter. He could have been talking about the stated of his hot water heater for all the emotion he showed! Trunks can't die! He WON'T die! I will NOT let them take him!" Through the last few sentences Bulma hammered tightly clenched fists against her husband's chest, then broke into tears once more, burying her face in his neck.

Vegeta smiled at her antics. "Hush, woman. He will live. You have borne such a wonderful son, he cannot help but live just to please you." He pushed his lips against her soft hair and sat, cradling his weeping wife in his arms, being strong for her, not admitting his own fears lest he lose himself in the enormity of what he faced.

Another groggy awakening, but this one was far worse than any yet experienced. Fear seethed in tangible masses throughout the dark cell, permeating about both figures sprawled on the cold metal floor.

"Oh Kami." A quizzical look, "who's Kami? Ohhh who cares. My head! My head, oh fuck this hurts, oh fuck OWWW!!!!" This was said while crawling about the cell, and the last was a result of weak elbows collapsing after crashing into a slightly sticky, hard form in her path. ~Wait - sticky, hard, oh no, ohnoohnoohno it can't be!~ "NOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!" The scream reverberated throughout the entire ship as she discovered that the still body in front of her was her purple haired man, and he didn't seem to be alive.

A twitch, so small that at first she didn't notice it, and then her heart soared. He lived. He yet lived! But something was wrong, seriously wrong. In the dim light she couldn't make out the extent of his injuries; she knew that they were grievously bad, but shouldn't he be making some sort of noise? Even if it was pain-filled grunts, she was certain some sound should come forth from his throat. Yet he was deathly silent.

Two days since that awful awakening, and he had healed considerably.

Remarkably well for the condition he had been in. He could sit, and eat the meagre helpings of slop daily delivered through a slot in their door. But still he made no sound. She could stand it no longer, she just had to know, and so slowly she raised her hand to his throat. Once he realised what she was doing he turned away, trying to stop her, but it didn't work. In the half light they both watched in fascinated horror as she traced its way along his neck, up and down where once his voice box was. With trembling lip firmly grasped in her teeth she turned from the monstrosity, silently weeping into her hands.

He bowed his head; he had known since he awoke what was wrong. Worse, he even recalled how those vile things had toyed with him and savagely ripped his very voice box out after his final feral roar of defiance. The scream that had brought her to him, that had probably sealed her fate. He knew that he loved her, had no wish to deny the fact, but how could he ever tell her? He would never speak again, could never tell the woman he loved, the beautiful, courageous woman crying right in front of him that she was his life. Head hanging in shame at his disability he shuffled over to where she knelt and gathered her into his arms, cradling her against his body. Tears fell from his eyes at the thought that she would never know and fell on her shoulder, soaking it through.

Neither knew how long it was they stayed that way, neither one wishing to break the contact. It felt right, it was the only place in any dimension that either would be whole: only together would they ever be truly happy. And then they came.

Since the man was still too weak to withstand any decent beating, they took the girl for their enjoyment. They had been bored while their playthings were fighting to stay alive. He tried to stop them, but what could he do, he that could not even walk? And so he did all that he could do; he cradled his love and cared for her when she was thrown back in, resembling a rag doll more than a person. This he did for the next three days, every time she came back with worse injuries than before, every time she came back closer to death. All that kept her from sinking gratefully into the blackness was her irrepressible need to be with him, the knowledge that no place, heaven, hell, or life, was worth anything to her if he were not by her side.

When she was returned with a shattered leg - splinters of bone protruding straight out of her shin - he vowed that there it would end. He had watched as they slowly killed the only thing that meant anything to him in this world, as slowly his strength returned, undetected by their captors. The next time they came to play he would be waiting, and they would die.

And so he waited in the shadows, and when they came dragging her off he crept out, silent, undetectable, and followed the giant insects into the heart of their ship. As they strung her up by their webs, he watched. As they began throwing her from side to side, he watched. As they struck her with razor sharp legs, he watched and waited for his chance. He planned to wait 'till they were so totally engrossed in their game that none would notice him until too late and then they would die. That was what he planned, but when he saw them striking harder and harder, cutting deep into her flesh, hacking her to pieces, something inside snapped. If he had had a voice left it would have soared in the most ferocious howl ever sounded, but as it was the sheer magnitude of power surrounding him was testimony enough to

his rage. He knew now, he remembered. And that made him all the more powerful, all the more deadly. Trunks obliterated the bonds tying her down and rushed to her side, the insects too shocked at what they saw but did not believe to react.

Gently he lifted her head, lifted her entire body as though she weighed nothing, and stood her up. Lids half open she stared her love in the face, drowning in those inky depths. The look said more than word ever could; it described his undying passion, his irremovable love that spanned all lifetimes and all dimensions she could ever travel, but most of all and most important it told her that she did not want to be here when he lost control of his temper, that she must must MUST run as far and as fast as possible right now. And so she ran, regardless of shattered leg and grievous wounds she fled.

And then the world exploded. Trunks knew that he would probably die in his attacks, but he planned to take these pitiful aliens with him. He gathered his chi and in one infernal blast sent it careening throughout the ship.

Nothing was left, not even a trace of the horrors that had landed on and ravaged this land. Nothing save the hunched figure in the centre of a massive crater with its hands shielding its head from the death it was sure approached. Tentatively Trunks lowered his arms, and upon realising he was in fact alive he sped off in search of his love.

She ran, she ran until she could run no more and then she stopped, turned, and collapsed into a crying heap. It was only then that she realised she would never see him again, and no mere horrible death would keep her from him! With that decided she turned and, if possible, ran even faster back towards the ship. That is, she ran until a stray piece of ship door hit her on the head and knocked her unconscious.

He saw her long before he reached her, crumpled in a heap, the only variation in an otherwise featureless plain of devastation. He slowed as he neared, scooping her into his arms while still afloat and flying off into the distance.

Dark was falling when finally he stopped, and gently he lay down his precious cargo on soft grass surrounding a small stream. His heart caught as he discovered the piece of metal that sent her unconscious had imbedded itself in her skull. He was too late, he had caused her death while he remained alive. But she yet breathed.

flash: she was three, her birthday. Everyone was happy, and a huge figure with purple hair loomed over her, hugging her to his broad chest. She was happy.

flash: fourteen now, her boyfriend had just dumped her, right before the dance. She would be the laughing stock of the school. Her friend, twelve (is that right??) years older than her, offered to take her. All the girls were green with envy at her gorgeous purple-haired date. She was happy

flash: Kami's lookout, called by some mysterious force (read the first one), seeing her lifelong friend fly in, seeing him seeing her, as though he saw her for the first time, as though he only then realised the woman she had become. She was happy.

She remembered. Throughout the tired fog that was her mind it reverberated, dragging her from the dark depths to the surface of her consciousness. She remembered.

"T-T-Trunks? I'm cold, so cold. Where are you? Trunks! I can't see you!" Frantically she waved her hands about and stopped only when she felt his large, warm, strong hands grasp her small ice-cold ones. At his touch a world of regret settled upon her shoulders, regret that she would never discover what else those hands were capable of doing, regret that she had to leave him.

His fingertips trailed the beautiful contours of her face, his tears splashed upon her cheeks. His touch sent shivers down her spine, even in the throws of death, his fingers trembled on her lips, tracing their full shape, conveying his despair and his love to her, giving her the strength she needed to face death squarely and proudly. As her body sighed he felt her soul flee, felt so overwhelmingly desolate, _knew_ that there was no life left for him. His wish to be with Pan was so strong that his own spirit left, following where hers had gone.

As both souls flew away from the terror of their last few days their unwanted husks folded over, lying crumpled and forgotten on the cold hard ground.

White.

Pan noticed nothing else, no features, not even any ground to speak of; just the ultimate whiteness.

And then he was with her. She didn't notice 'till he grabbed her around the middle, pulling her body against his, revelling in the touch. Although both spirits looked as badly hurt as their disregarded bodies, neither felt any pain. How could they, when finally they were free to be together?

Trunks broke the embrace and lifted her face to his, kissing her more deeply than either though was possible. Tongues moved together not fighting each other but pulsating with the rhythm of their combined heartbeats. Fingers traced down backs stroking and massaging under tatters of clothes. The kiss deepened until the very cores of their beings fused and intertwined, becoming one. Finally they came up for air, staring at each other in wonder that anything could feel this magnificent, this _complete_. And then they were once again swept up in their fiery passion, Trunks laying Pan down on the insubstantial but cushioning ground. He then proceeded to trace kisses down her neck, nibbling on her earlobes, making her gasp and shiver with the feelings that ran through her body. Slowly he eased her out of her clothes and made love to her. There was nowhere else to either of them but there inside each other's body.

Cackling laughter reverberated through the white expanse, waking the sleepers curled together. Both snapped to attention, instantly

recognising the same laughter from right before the world had exploded that first night.

"My, oh my but that was fun!" A cracked old voice echoed from out of the mist, followed shortly after by the bent figure of an old woman. There was something about her eyes; both Pan and Trunks could see the stars in her eyes, see galaxies born and destroyed in eyes older than time. "You know, my dears, I haven't been entertained so well for I don't know how long! I salute you!" Pan yelled protest at her obviously sarcastic tone, but the old woman merely waved her anger away as though it was more meaningless than a fly. "None of that, dearie. Now, I know you've been through a lot, but you must understand, I live in this little corner of the universe all alone; the last of my kind. We used to be many, but now I'm all that's left. So don't you go and get prissy at me. I thank you for the company you've given me these past few days, but now you really should be getting home." Pan and Trunks didn't think much of being this strange lady's 'entertainment', but were given no further chance to voice their complaints as they were unceremoniously hurled upwards through dimension after dimension until finally they reached pristine white walls lit by glaring fluorescent lights, two beds surrounded by weeping friends and relatives.

Stirring slightly, she let out a groan. Even in her state of fuzziness she heard all in the room gasp. ~I seem to be doing this a lot lately, waking up sore.~ Slowly, ever so slowly, Pan sat up and was instantly smothered by friends and family. Everyone was shouting and screaming and crying, but there was only one person Pan wished to see, and he was missing from the group surrounding her. Unnoticed Trunks awoke to yells of delight, well, he was unnoticed until Bulma turned from Pan's remarkable recovery to find her son staring at her in amused confusion. The he was swamped as Pan had been.

Finally the excitement had dissipated somewhat, people going for coffee, food or a lie down. Trunks looked over to find her regarding him steadily, almost hungrily. She was scared, scared that now that all was back to normal he would no longer care for her, no longer see her as a woman but as the girl she used to be. Then he smiled, looking at her with such intense adoration that she knew that no matter what, he would always love her. that he could not tell her this made looks like these all the more exciting, all the more true. So, their souls were still one. Well and good then. And then she rose, pulled off heart monitor cords and drip, and jumped him, giggling when he pulled the sheets over both their heads.

Vegeta walked back into the room, meaning to ask his son what had happened. He stopped when he spied the sheets pulled over the two lovers, a smirk spreading across his face. "So," he said, and turned, shutting the door behind him.

End
file.